

BANNER



PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

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NO. 7.

LITERARY.

LINES.

Given by impression from the spirit of CHARLES W. SNOW, who departed this life while in the service of the Union, at the United States Naval Hospital, New Orleans, Sept. 11th, 1864. (Mrs. SMALL, Medium.)

'Tis true, 'tis true! O, joyful thought!
Dear mother, I can come,
And mingle with the loved ones there,
In my sweet earthly home!

Then mourn me not, for life is o'er,
With all its trials too;
A higher, holier, brighter one
Now opens to my view!

And I shall spend the precious hours
With kind and loving friends,
From knowledge flowing fountain drink—
This boon to all extends!

Dear mother, "tis not death to die!"
I found it to be true,
As I by angel hands was borne,
Through skies of azure blue.

To this sweet land of joy and bliss,
Where peace and love abound;
On these bright shores, my father dear,
Your youngest may be found.

Then grieve no more; O, do not mourn,
For Charles is not dead;
To brighter, fairer worlds above
The happy spirit sped!

Dear father, mother, one and all,
You need no longer grieve;
The goodness of our God, until
You soar to brighter skies.

Amazing love! what wondrous power,
When born of higher birth,
He doth confer! What boon, to come
And speak to friends of earth!

O, many loving friends and dear
Met me on this blessed shore,
And warmly welcomed me, where death
And parting are no more!

I wish I could impression give
To cousin, while she writes,
Of this sweet home in which I dwell—
This land so fair and bright!

Again I say, O, do not mourn!
If you could once behold
The spirit of your Charles dear,
More joy 'twould give than gold!

And I was there when you received
My mortal habitation;
Could you have viewed me then, dear ones,
You would have been content,

And e'en rejoiced, that I had thrown
My earthly garments by
For brighter ones, and soared away
To mansions in the sky.

Now I will ever watchful be,
Around the family hearth,
Till you are called to meet me here,
My darling ones of earth!

I cannot tell you how I felt,
Upon that bed of pain;
How much I thought of loved ones dear,
I ne'er should meet again!

But that is past, and I am free
From death forevermore!
Farewell! adieu! we soon shall meet
Upon this peaceful shore!

Never let the Heart Grow Old.

Childhood, with the stainless brow,
Dark, soft eyes, and voice of glees,
Fold thy thoughts within thy soul—
What has earth to do with thee?
It will still thy spirit life,
It will make thee stern and cold;
Keep thou from its chilling strife—
Never let the heart grow old!

Maiden, by the hearth of home
Called the blossom of the heart,
Keep affection's fire undimmed,
Never let its light depart;
Thru' it all around the loved,
Lest thy heart truth for gold—
Lest temptation strongest prove—
Never let the heart grow old!

Wife, with youth upon thy brow,
Life's sweet love-light in thine eye,
He bath calls upon thee now;
Dare for him to live or die.
Lest the treasure thou hast won
Stray should grow, and harsh, and cold,
Keep thy warm affections young—
Never let the heart grow old!

Husband, in thy round of care,
Full of projects, schemes, and gains,
Wearing such a sober air,
Racked with business, aches, and pains,
Lest the hopes that thou wouldst cherish
Fade away so still and cold,
Let not pledged affection perish—
Never let thy heart grow old!

Parents, when your children gather
Round the blessed shrine of home,
Light and joy should shine unshadowed,
Clouds and gloom should never come;
Loving hearts will rise and bless ye,
Although old time your locks hath stole,
Young lips kiss, and hands caress ye—
Never let your heart grow old!

SPIRITUALISM.—Spiritualism comes to the world as a full and complete answer to the prayers that have gone up to the heavenly world, since faith in that world was established, asking for light to dawn upon it, and upon man's future destiny—it comes revealing to us the true God, the Father of all mercies, bereft of all the mysticisms, absurdities and contradictions with which the character of the Supreme was clothed by the old theological dogmas—it comes, saving man from an endless, irretrievable doom, which the malignant, revengeful nature of man had conceived to be the decree of God; it comes, unfolding the divine law of man's nature, exalting man, and pointing out the way whereby he may become an angel of heaven.—*Buffalo Sunbeam.*

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

CHAPTER IX.

"Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just!" —*King Lear.*

The reaction of strong excitement in the system of Olive produced a period of extreme exhaustion; but, by the kind attentions of her new friend, who was an excellent nurse, she was soon restored. In the mean time Mrs. Bliss went in pursuit of her aunt. She found the place; but the house was shut up, the lady, with her family, having gone East for some days; and it appeared quite uncertain when they would return. And thus the hopes of the poor orphan were quite cut off in that direction. But she was so grateful for having found a home, and a friend, in such a dire extremity, that, humble as they were, she could not think of the blessing without tears. Olive was independent and ambitious. She could not live long in this way. Various plans were suggested, both by Mrs. Bliss and herself, in answer to the question of how should she earn a respectable living; and she at once set about obtaining a situation of some kind or other.

Olive's education, until her father's death, which happened when she was hardly sixteen, had been very carefully and judiciously managed. Her father was not only a ripe and rare scholar, but he had that fine and delicate perception which belongs to the poetic sense; and, as his daughter inherited both his mental capacity and his genius, it was his chief delight to cultivate, to the best advantage, her fine powers; and a large portion of his leisure hours were spent in this way. Besides various minor accomplishments, she had a wonderful capability of acquiring language; and she was not only an excellent scholar in Italian, French, and German, but her mind was deeply imbued with the spirit of her literature. She also sketched from Nature with much taste and feeling, and sang, and played on several instruments, like a true daughter of Orpheus. Since she had lived with her aunt, the few stolen moments in the day when she could really be quiet, and sometimes for a day or evening, when her aunt and cousin were spending the time in parties, or stale and vapid amusements, she improved the opportunity of indulging in her favorite studies; so that she had rather gained than lost during the interval. But thus tenderly nurtured—thus generously educated—what a change was it from her beautiful rural home, where she had always been the idol of her widowed father, to the degrading position into which she had been cast by her mean and cruel relations! Her beauty and accomplishments were so evidently superior to the coarse and tawdry person, and superficial acquirements, of Matilda, that it was but a stroke of common policy to hide, and, if possible, sully and dim the star. There was, then, nothing to be done but to degrade her—to place her in the position of a menial—and even far below that place, in point of ordinary comfort and freedom. And thus the child who had been committed to the care of Mrs. Branch, with the last breath of that fond and trusting father, was thrust into a position which few slaves would be willing to take. But Olive was true to herself, even amid all these trials; though entirely excluded from all refined and congenial society, she never degraded herself by associating with the coarse and vulgar, and among the servants of the household and their associates, though she was often condemned to occupy the same apartments. She moved with a gentle dignity, which, while it repelled undue freedom, forbade unkind feeling. She was, indeed, ever ready to serve them with any act of kindness in her power; and they often spoke of her as a "true leddy after all"—or a "nice young jintlewoman—more's the pity she wasn't rich"—and the like. This retrospection seems necessary, in order that the character and claims of our heroine should be rightly understood, and her trials and sufferings appreciated.

And now—to return to the consultation—it was wisely judged by Mrs. Bliss, that it would not be best for Olive to make any sudden display of her accomplishments until she had first placed herself in a position where they would not be likely to call forth unpleasant questions.

"Be patient, Miss," said that honest and sensible woman; "be content to come along by degrees. Get some sewing, or something of that kind, to do first; and when you've got a nice, smart boarding-place, where you wouldn't be ashamed to give your card, we'll both on be a lookin' out; an' better things'll come long by'm-by."

Pursuant to this resolution, Olive, having received many valuable instructions from her kind hostess, and, withal, having attained a great deal more self-reliance, examined the advertisements and set off in quest of work.

"Miss Olive," called out Mrs. Bliss, as the poor, forlorn girl laid her hand on the latch, in going; "hold up yer head, an' keep a good heart. Any-

body, with half an eye, more or less, can see that you're a real lady, born an' bred"—and seeing the tears starting, and the trembling form of Olive, she added pleasantly: "and you'll be a gentleman's wife yet. Mark my word!"

It is not necessary to repeat the sufferings and tortures of poor Olive during this humiliating tour; but, worst of all, she was doomed to final disappointment. After having gone day after day, and all day long, for a whole week, she was obliged to give up; for her strength would carry her no further. The ingenious confessions of the poor girl, when questions were asked, in regard to her birthplace, her former home, and how she came to leave it, why and when she came to the city, where she had stopped since she came, and a host of others, led her into continual difficulties. To all these interrogations she felt bound to reply; for her simplicity could waive nothing; and this she could not do, in many cases, without great confusion, as may well be surmised. Her answers created a universal suspicion, while the entire want of credentials, with that numerous class of people who look only at the overt fact, went continually against her.

When Saturday night came, and nothing was done, poor Olive gave up, heart-sick, and almost in despair. She had been so completely obscured, during her residence with her aunt, occupying, as she did, the position of a menial, that she had made no acquaintances, and she did not even know her own relations; or if she had, her absolute ignorance of what would be required must have prevented her from obtaining the right kind of testimony, had she even thought of what she might certainly have done, writing to some one of her old friends and neighbors in Maine. But the poor girl had been so long estranged from all familiar sympathy and fellowship, that she almost forgot that there were other people in the world besides her aunt and cousin—and very different ones, too. It was all very sad. And to Olive's bashful and honest nature, it appeared less difficult to go back, and dare the open abuse of her friends in Portland, than incur the dark and cruel suspicions of strangers, as she had done during the last week.

The morning sun shone bright and fair; but in the musical chime of all those Sabbath bells, which called so many forth to worship, and to be initiated into the mysterious beauty of His life, who went about doing good, although He, himself, had not where to lay His head, was there no sweet sound of that charity, which can give without a question? no one, among all the many whom poor Olive had visited, who could take his lessons home to her heart and life, in words of practical kindness, and the spirit of that love, which trusteth, hopeth, believeth all things—that questioneth not so much of the desert as of the need? Not one. Or, at least, so it appeared.

CHAPTER X.

"The bleak wind of March,
Made me tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flying river,
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hid—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!" —*Hood.*

After looking at her truly deplorable case on every side, Olive determined to return to her aunt, and dare the worst, by throwing herself on the mercy of the merciless; for her life there, harrowing as it had been, was yet honest. Nerved by this resolution, she took leave of Mrs. Bliss, who furnished her with money enough to pay her passage to Portland and back again; for, as she said, if her aunt did not receive her, she might come back and try Boston once more.

Olive did return, and, by a full and true confession, humbled herself before her aunt and cousin. But this scene is too revolting to be narrated. The orphan was driven from the door amid the most cruel upbraidings, and virulent abuse of the whole family—even the servants. She had not been prepared for this. She could not think that Mrs. Branch would really refuse her shelter—at least until she could find some honest occupation. And this, incredible as it may seem, is not romance, but plain, literal truth.

At first, only seeking to escape the torrent of abuse, and get beyond reach of the gross accusations, and grosser allusions, which dyed her innocent cheek with the deepest blushes, she fled, hardly conscious whither. Winged by despair, terror, and shame, she flew toward the wharf—it might be with an unconscious attraction toward the poor woman, who had of late been her only friend, and whose blessed charity had furnished her with the means of return. Mechanically she entered the boat; and telling the chambermaid she was ill, she instantly sought her berth. There she lay, choking with the anguish that was denied the relief of tears, until suffocation seemed inevitable. She continued in this miserable situation until the brain was maddened by the horrors that were presented to her view; then came a period of suffering so intense that she grew cold; and the brain, and heart, and all the throbbing nerves, suddenly became stiff and stark, as if frozen. She arose and walked quietly through the cabin without exciting any alarm. They did not see that the eyes were glazed and fixed on vacancy; they did

not see the blue lips, or touch the marble hands, or they might have saved her from the awful fate which then impended. She went out on the deck with a soft and silent foot-fall. But when she saw the water foaming on either side, as if it, too, were mad, the fire burned again, and the deep mental darkness of her brain glowed with a volcanic red. She rushed wildly forward. But although she had no distinct vision of any persons present, there was, nevertheless, one there—one who had been sent to save. Yes; Wilfred was near—for he had been seeking her from the moment of her escape; and at length he had traced her to Portland, whither he followed, to make all the atonement in his power, by vindicating her in the presence of her inhuman relations, and offering her honorable protection. He did not see her now, until she rushed by and almost touched him. For one moment the stony eyes glared, and the marble features glistened through the dark, with their unnatural whiteness, as she turned her face, apparently to see if any one was observing her. He knew her; but it was too late. The pale and rigid form hovered for an instant over the railing; then there was a plunge; and the cold Spirit of the Waters, kinder, then, to her maddened thought, than any one she knew in the wide world, spread out his billowy couch, as if inviting the over-weary one to rest in peace. Down she went—far, far down—with the fire still burning in her brain, and the great load of sorrow pressing so heavily on her bosom as to extinguish all horror of death, and overcome even the dreadful sense of suffocation.

But she was not yet to find repose in that deep grave. When she arose to the surface, a strong arm arrested and bore her up, until she and her brave deliverer could be taken on board.

CHAPTER XI.

"Thou art like Night, O Sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices by life's tumult drowned;
Thou art like awful Night; thou gatherest round
The things that are unseen, though close they lie,
And with a truth clear, startling, and profound,
Givest their dread presence to our mental eye."
—*Mr. Tennyson.*

It was long before the poor girl was sufficiently restored to comprehend what had happened; and then she was in a strange house, where everything was not only neat and beautiful, but in the finest taste. Clustering honeysuckles were peeping in at the window; and the soft air was laden with their fragrant breath; birds were singing gaily; and old trees, waving in the summer wind, made a kind of dreamy and monotonous music.

As Olive opened her eyes, with her first look of consciousness, she saw an elderly lady, of a most gentle and benign aspect, who was bending over her with a countenance indicating the greatest affection and solicitude.

"You are better, my love! You are better! O, how rejoiced I am!"

"Where am I?" asked Olive, with one of her own sweet and loving smiles. "I have been dreaming that I was in heaven; and now that I wake, I am scarce deceived."

"Be quiet, my child," returned the other, with an expression of mingled kindness and dignity. "Let it suffice now that you are among friends who love you, and will always take care of you. Any excitement at the present time would be injurious; and if you would gratify those who take the warmest interest in your welfare, you will try to keep calm and quiet as possible; and soon—very soon—when you are a little stronger, my love, this apparent mystery shall be solved."

The words were bland as the softest breath of summer winds; and the poor orphan looked up with a feeling of vague wonder; for she could not comprehend the kindness to which she had been so long unaccustomed.

"O, if I am in heaven," she murmured softly, "I know you must be my mamma, for no one has spoken to me so since she died;" and she looked inquiringly into the tearful eyes that were bent upon her.

"O, I know you are good! I know you love me!" she continued, stretching out her arms; and, with a sudden effort, she arose a little way, although extremely weak, and clung round the neck of her kind watcher, and then her tears burst forth in a perfect torrent; but there was healing in their flow.

The lady, perceiving their beneficial effect, wisely permitted them to flow without restraint. She only whispered: "Yes; I am—I will ever be your mother. Call me so, my child! for the love I now feel will sanction even the name of that holy relationship."

Poor Olive—happy Olive!—was laid back on her pillow, weak and helpless as an infant. Soon she fell asleep, so placidly that the shadow of angels seemed hovering in her beautiful repose. From this hour she rapidly recovered; and in the course of a few days she learned that she was at the house of Mrs. Holmes, mother of Wilfred, by whom she had been rescued from a watery grave, and watched over daily, until she was pronounced entirely out of danger, and began to exhibit signs of returning consciousness.

He had been to Portland for the purpose of protecting her. But he did not anticipate the cruelty of her aunt and cousin. It had been his intention

to seek an interview with the aunt, that he might not only make a declaration of her entire innocence, but request that she would, either as his affianced wife, or merely as a friend, consent to accept the protection of his mother, whom he had already acquainted with the whole story. He had not intended to go to Boston that evening; but by one of those apparently fortuitous circumstances, which sometimes appear to have the character of destiny, and which we call Providence, he was led to the very steamer where Olive had taken refuge, for the purpose of escorting his mother; and while he was engaged in conversation with an old acquaintance, whom he unexpectedly met, the boat put off, and he was detained on board, to his extreme chagrin; for in his anxiety for poor Olive, he had scarcely rested night or day since he had left her. Mrs. Holmes had accompanied him to Portland that she might offer her maternal and friendly protection to the injured orphan, in person; but she had hardly reached the shore when she was met by an express who had been dispatched on business that demanded immediate attention. Thus we see that two apparently untoward circumstances united to insure the safety of Olive. Does not this look like an overruling Providence, or at least the result of a kind and guardian care?

Olive also learned that she had been ill several weeks, of a brain-fever, which had, beyond question, a second time saved her from a fixed insanity. O, with what grateful affection—with what a loving, weeping heart, did the poor orphan hear all this! O, never was any person so blest!—never in the whole world—never, never, she asserted again and again.

But still there was anxiety in her whole manner—a nervous start when the door opened suddenly—and various other signs were to be observed, if one were critical, all going to show that there was something yet wanting to complete the full measure of her happiness.

At last she could contain this troublesome thought no longer. Where, indeed, was Wilfred, she asked; when Mrs. Holmes very quietly answered: "He is gone to Europe, my dear." "To Europe!" she repeated, turning so pale, that Mrs. Holmes, fearing she would faint, laid her back on the couch, and called for restoratives.

"To Europe!" again repeated Olive, sobbing in spite of herself—her poor little weak heart was so filled with gratitude for his heroic love—and she was, indeed, beginning to love him so dearly.

"But he will return, my child," said Mrs. Holmes, with a quiet smile, as she looked into the transparent innocence and truthfulness that were unfolded in the simple words and looks of Olive. "Cheer up, my love!" she continued; "we hope he may return in about six months and make his friends happier than he has ever done before."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Memoriam.

[Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, thus speaks of the following beautiful lines: "One might almost wish to die, if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory."]

On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
And the starlight gleamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free,
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming,
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeing,
Like an angel from above;
Through his hair the breeze sported,
And as on the waves he floated,
Oft that pilot, angel throated,
Watched the lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so blithely flowing,
Bois of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold,
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soit the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Prayed that never wild commotion
Might the elements might rise,
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming Summer winds to follow,
While the water darts corolla
Trembled to his music sighs.

But the purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell that haunted
Every corner of her shore,
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus-waves no more,
And awoke to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quickness
Over his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickness
Gathered in the murky air;
And there avert a dry & burning
Through the lively Southern Summer,
As the beautiful pilot corner
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
And the starlight streams forever
On its bosom as before,
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Gleets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops wana
On the purple waves no more.

NOT NECESSARILY.—It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

"RUNNING" CHURCHES.—A man sitting upon the veranda of an up-country inn hailed "one of the oldest inhabitants," and inquired the denomination of the church upon the opposite side of the road. "Wal, she was a Baptist nat'rally, but they don't run her now."

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Are the Tendencies of Spiritualism Immoral?

Many people suppose that listening to a few raps, and giving a tacit assent to the doctrine of their spiritual origin, constitute them full-blooded Spiritualists. But it is not so, in our estimation; on the contrary, they are far from being such. In our opinion, in order to be a true Spiritualist, in the broad and comprehensive sense, one must necessarily become acquainted with the principles of Spiritual Philosophy, and make them the governing rule of his life; and, as a result of their prompting power, he should daily grow to a higher standpoint of moral rectitude and virtue. There never was a more contemptible theological lie uttered than that concerning Spiritualism, namely, that its tendencies are to promote immorality. That there are some calling themselves Spiritualists who are immoral is not at all strange, for we have many among us who came from the old orthodox churches. Again, we number not less than six millions in our ranks in the United States alone; and these have all grown out of their old conditions within the last twenty years. Every new religious idea that has been introduced to the world has had some peculiar idiosyncratic difficulties connected with its infantile period, but these passed away as it advanced in its growth toward the manhood of its power. The early history of Christianity gives us an excellent illustration of this fact, in the licentiousness of its believers, as related by one of the most truthful and impartial historians who ever wrote. Nor do we deny that there are certain exorcismes connected with the great body of Spiritualists; but we have full confidence that the correcting hand of time will remove them.

But, if Spiritualism is to be tried upon the intrinsic merits of the question whether its teachings tend to immorality or not, pray who are to be the judges? Shall the popular theologians act as such? Why should they, more than any others? The Chinese think the Christian world are a lot of pagans, and we think they are more than half right. The difference between the Chinese and Christian religions is about the same as it was five or six thousand years ago. The latter sprang from among the Brahministic or aristocratic class, and the Chinese from among the Buddhistic or liberal class. But whether popular theologians are entitled to the special prerogative of sitting in judgment on the question or not, they assume the right to do so; and, of course, if they sit as judges, they will try us by their standard. The testimony they bring to prove their position is to the effect that those who become Spiritualists no longer regard the sacredness of the Sabbath, deny that the Bible is the word of God, cease to be praying persons, and, in fact, discard not only religious institutions, but deny the cardinal doctrines of salvation, as viewed by the Christian world. Now let us sift this testimony a little, and see what can be made of it. The Sabbath question we will let pass for the present, as we wish to dwell upon it at greater length than the limits of this article will allow. But they say we deny the Bible as the word of God. We reply to this, that one of our strongest objections to the Bible as the word of God is, that it is demoralizing in its tendencies, just in proportion as its teachings are applied in practical life. Take some of its prominent characters—Moses, for instance, who is claimed to be the author of the first five books of the Bible. Can we, in all history, sacred (so-called) or profane, find a character that equals him, as a lover and instigator of war, rapine, murder, licentiousness, and crime of every description? And a more God-forsaken race than the Israelites, take them altogether, in those times, could not be found on the earth. So we see that teachings coming direct from God (?), even through His chosen servant, did not tend to help the morals of those who followed them. And even after they had followed those teachings for several hundred years, Jesus Christ (so the New Testament informs us) called them "a generation of vipers," a set of "whited sepulchres," and a race of hypocrites. There are no people, even at the present day, who follow the teachings of Moses so closely as the Mormons of Utah. Not only in their polygamy is this the case, but their Danites are precisely like the Israelites of old—killing their fellow-beings without remorse of conscience, simply to obtain possession of their property. David is another of the Bible-worthies, called in that book "a man after God's own heart." And yet he was one of the most unmitigated adulterers the world ever

saw. Not satisfied with debauching a wife, he slew her husband to cover the iniquity. For licentiousness, he stands unequalled in Bible history, except by his foolish son, Solomon. The last years of his life were cursed with intense suffering from one of the most loathsome diseases that human flesh is heir to. This he confesses in his thirty-eighth Psalm.

It may be that common religionists are satisfied with such morality as that above quoted, but as for us, we want a higher, purer, nobler kind. We do not wish to dwell on Bible examples to any great extent now; but we will only briefly refer to the four Gospels of the New Testament. And what do they contain of value that is not the "stolen thunder" of the pagan world? The so-called "Golden Rule" came from the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius. It is well known, as stated above, that the Chinese religion is now, and had been long before Confucius' time, of the Buddhist type. In fact, we challenge the world to show one grand idea of truth, in the New Testament, that had not already been promulgated by what Christians call the pagan world. In our next article upon this subject, we will answer the remainder of the objections of our opponents; and we will then take the affirmative side, and show by good and sound reasoning that the tendencies of Spiritualism are to the purest morality.

Sunday Reading from a Secular Paper.

The following clippings from the columns of the *Alta*, of Saturday last, will show that even the time-serving press are not so much afraid of theological inquisitors as formerly, but publish almost everything now, without much regard to the feelings of the sectarian world:

"Henry Ward Beecher is working away at his *Ledger* novel. He proposes to introduce into its pages many of the curious characters he has met."

A Congregationalist preacher writing a novel! And for a paper devoted almost wholly to the publication of romances! What will the deacons say? And what is to become of theology, if its teachers take to novel-writing and novel-reading? "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's 'Religious Poems,' profusely illustrated, will appear early in March."

Another of the same family giving her mind to literary pursuits, and mingling religion with them, "profusely illustrated."

"A New Bedford lady recently wrote to a Boston publishing house for a copy of 'Gallert, or Trust in God,' and received for reply, 'There is no Trust in God' to be found in Boston.'"

How much is to be found anywhere? "A pew in a Boston church sold recently for \$5,400."

No wonder at the high price when the following is seen, exhibiting the customs of the pew-holders:

"RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.—A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a lady for whom he had conceived a sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a copartnership on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigencies of the case suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text (Second Epistle of John, 5th verse): 'And I now beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.' She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth: 'Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?' He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John: 'Having many things to write unto you, I would now write with paper and ink, but I trust I may come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full.' From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week."

"Four young boys of ten or twelve years of age were detected in a pew in a Boston church on Sunday, playing euchre for 'the beer for the crowd.'"

Add to the above this concluding item, and we think our readers will agree with us that church holiness is not such a sanctified thing after all, and that religionists are only human, and not much different or better than the rest of humanity:

"A clergyman down East asked a woman he had baptized, as she was coming out of the water, how she felt in her mind, and was somewhat surprised to hear her answer, 'Bully!'"

"Three cheers and a 'tiger' from the crowd would have completed the absurdity, and made the ceremony as ludicrous as all such religious rites deserve to be made."

Honor to Whom Honor is Due.

With the extensive acquaintance we have had for the last sixteen years among Spiritualists, we know of no one who has proved a more faithful, energetic, and untiring worker than Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, of this city. When she commenced her labors as a public medium, it was no enviable position to be an open, avowed Spiritualist. The opposition never allowed an opportunity to pass unimproved, when they could bring their slander-shotted guns to bear upon the reputation of such persons. But, even under the most trying circumstances, she has never faltered or wavered for a moment in her confidence in Spiritualism. In fact, her life has been one constant labor to demonstrate its truth. Her success has been abundant, and justly deserved. She has been the instrument in the hands of the angel world, by which thousands of skeptical minds have become convinced of the fact that there is a life beyond the grave. And, to-day, no one on this coast is doing more toward spreading the doctrine of a spirit-life and the teachings of spirits than is Mrs. Foye. When people come to this city on business, some friend is almost sure to lead them to the regular seances, held every Thursday evening, at No. 638 Market street, where they learn for the first time what spiritual manifestations are, and they are then prepared to seek a private sitting with the medium; and the result is, when they go from the city, they carry the glad tidings of great joy to the communities where they reside. May the angel world reward her for her labors of good to mankind, and continue her usefulness for many years to come.

Jo KERR says the peoples' purses are short, and that accounts for the ladies' dresses getting shorter.

"Infected."

The local editor of the *Times* must be of a most contemptibly suspicious disposition, to be able to draw any such inference as he does from the language of Whiting, the suicide, simply because he used the term "spirit land." Suppose he had said "spirit world," what would have been the difference? If he had written that he was going to hell, he would have shown that he was an orthodox Christian, wouldn't he? The *Times* man, and others of that ilk, are wonderfully afraid of the other life. It is matter of astonishment to them that any individual could calmly start on such a journey. The "local" of the *Times* is infected with good sense and common honesty to just about the same extent that the unfortunate man, Whiting, was with Spiritualism. We wish the members of the city press generally to understand, distinctly, that Spiritualists, individually and as a body, will no longer quietly submit to slanderous misrepresentation and ridicule at their hands. We have become a power in the world, and will make ourselves felt. If we can reach them in no other way, we can do so through their pockets. Spiritualists will cease to patronize the journals that abuse them, either by subscribing for or advertising in them.

The Proverbs of Benjamin.

The heart of man is pure and good, for God made it; and a wise and good God would never make anything to be impure.

The greatest liar in the world tells a hundred truths to one lie.

Human nature is truthful; children are never hypocrites until grown people make them so.

God never gets angry with his children. Earth-parents, take notice; it is a good example for you to follow.

No person can by any possibility be a Christian while he has the dyspepsia.

The only truly good in the world are those who keep a clean, healthy body, and a clear, sound mind.

No man can be a true philanthropist, and believe in a never-ending hell.

If the world cannot be redeemed with love and heaven, it is useless, with hell and hate, to try.

Spiritualism becoming the Popular Religion.

The city press occasionally venture to say a word or two upon religious matters, and a few of them have of late been bold enough to declare that the "Religion of the Future" must inevitably be far different from that which obtains now. One or two have even asserted that Spiritualism would seem to be the only religion possible in the future. These are encouraging signs, and we are certainly not cast down thereby. People who hold our radical opinions have long ago been accustomed to "possess their souls in patience," and can therefore afford "to labor and to wait." While motion continues, and especially that of the human soul, it must be forward; there can be no retrogression. So that any movement made in the religious world must inevitably reach the advanced ground now occupied by Spiritualists. What we should guard against, is a soul-entrancing apathy and indifference. We mean to promote the most lively movements among our opponents by every means in our power.

RECONSTRUCTION.—The first number of *The Spiritual Republic*, so called, lies on our table. It is the first-born of the reconstruction of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association, of Chicago. If this is a specimen of what the family is to be, we would advise a suppression of the issue by a divorce of the marital bonds. It is anything but a spiritual paper. In fact, spiritual matters are almost entirely eschewed. It probably suits the clique that run it. They would like the benefits and emoluments of a spiritual organ, without the odium which the world is wont to attach to Spiritualism. If we are correctly informed—and we think we are—the entire reconstruction grew out of the mean and ungrateful spirit of some would-be great person connected with the Association; and Brother Jones may console himself with the idea that he is not the first individual who in the great generosity of his heart has warmed a nearly dead viper to life in his bosom, to be stung by it in return. We are obliged to blast sometimes for the acts of some who call themselves Spiritualists; but, thank God, they are not Spiritualists.

DR. J. P. BRYANT.—We are happy to learn that it is the intention of Dr. J. P. Bryant, the Healer, to become a permanent resident on this coast. Some time during the next month, he will make a short trip into the interior, making a brief stay in the most prominent cities and towns; he will then return here, and go up the coast to Oregon; and from thence he will return to this city to reside. We doubt not he will meet a warm welcome wherever he goes. Hundreds have been led to bless him and the principles of which he is an exponent, during his stay here. The blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, and the lame to walk, by his aid. May the good angels speed him on in his mission of love!

OWING to the inclemency of the weather, but few were present at the Lyceum Sociable on Wednesday evening last. Consequently it was adjourned for one week. Let all remember that a social gathering of the friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum will take place on Wednesday evening of next week, at Marston & Mains' Photographic Gallery, in the Crim House, on Kearny street, between California and Sacramento streets. We hope that every one who feels interested in sustaining this institution in a vigorous manner will not fail to be present on that occasion.

WE shall continue to occupy the rostrum in Congress Hall each Sunday evening until the first of May, unless Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon should arrive prior to that time; in which case we shall be very happy to give way to her.

DR. J. P. BRYANT, the healer, will receive patients at the Auzeiras House, in San Jose, on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday next, and on the same days in each week until the first of April.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Banner of Progress.
PROGRESS.

How hard it is for most people to realize that "old things must pass away, and all things must become new!" and how natural it is for us to look back into the past for counsel and instruction while treading the difficult paths of life, rather than to be guided by the experience of the living present! We allow ourselves to be ruled too much by precedents; we have too much reverence for what our great-grand-father thought, said, and did; we must walk in the same old cow-paths in which they trod, and measure our wheat in their half-bushel. Nay, more than that: we must look downward and backward, through the misty gloom of eighteen hundred years, in search of the faint light that shall guide our doubting steps toward heaven, rather than gaze forward and upward, where the glad new morning light is breaking, and rejoice in its sweet splendor. "Forward!" should be the watchword of every true soul. Forward and upward—keep up with the times; and if you cannot hope to march in the van, at least do not come lagging along in the rear. The present demands action—earnest, persistent, hopeful action. If each one, however weak, would but do his best, using what influence he possesses, on the side of truth and right, we should soon see the errors and abuses of the past falling inert and dead, and truth and justice reigning in their stead. Let the old traditions, and creeds, and rituals of the churches, be laid away as a garment that is outgrown, and of no further use than to be treasured as a curiosity for future generations. Our souls can no longer be cramped up in the narrow bounds of creeds and formulas; we must have room to breathe liberty, to bask in the bright, healthy sunshine of God's truth and love; liberty to grow and expand, in this strong, invigorating atmosphere of progress which surrounds us, and to become all that the beneficent Father meant us to be—wise and holy, pure and happy creatures.

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep
The highest of truth;
Let before us gleam her camp-fires; we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our daily-lives, and steer boldly through the desert
Nor attempt the future's paths with the past's blood-
stained key."

A. JEAN.

WATSONVILLE, January 27, 1867.

EDS. BANNER:—Please find enclosed six dollars for my subscription, and for the address below. I hope to get you more subscribers ere long, for there are many who begin to feel the need of a reformatory paper. It was with much pleasure that I hailed the appearance of the BANNER, in its neat dress, and the out-spoken truths contained in its columns; and I trust that Progress will date a new era on this coast from the date of its appearance. It is time that we had a channel through which the rostrum slang of the day can be met—not in condescending to wallow in the same filthy proofs, but in showing up the falsity of statement, and meeting dogmatists and presumed premises with stubborn facts, good philosophy, and sound reasoning. There is a vast field for a paper of this kind in the discussion of the more subtle and poorly understood faculties of mind, such as psychology, psychometry, clairvoyance, and kindred subjects. It is time, too, that the relations between capital and labor should be investigated here as elsewhere. The social system of even republican America differs but little in form from the monarchies of Europe; and capital, through its combinations, is master of the field, and slowly, maybe, yet surely, will this result in bringing about the same extremes in society. It is no small part of political chicanery, to lead off the attention of the masses from the real evils that oppress them to matters of minor importance and comparative insignificance. We may expect to hear the tooting of Gabriel's horn as soon as to see the secular press handle these things. Like the rest of the world, they, with but few exceptions, bend the servile knee at the shrine of the almighty dollar; "Policy" is their watchword—involving a truckling to capital and the powers that be.

Yours, &c., A. LANSDELL.

Brief Reflections.

The canonized sufferers by religious wars far outnumber the canonized Saints of the Church. "Religion," from the Latin *Religio*, signifies to bind together; and most surely has Religion hitherto bound mankind, and in chains, too.

There will be no more public war, when private wrong shall cease.

The debt of nature cannot be canceled by the provisions of the insolvent law.

Politicians are the most impolitic of men, for they sacrifice truth and justice to expediency.

A Savior is one who saves, not one who damns. If the Devil be not so black as he is painted, hell may not be so hot as has been represented.

"Insane," from the Latin *Insano*, means unsound or unhealthy; and what can be more unsound than the religious dogmas of the day? Those who maintain them, therefore, must be insane likewise.

Dr. Watts said: "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less." Then the Church and its ministers are without religion; for their constant endeavor is to curtail amusements.

In Genesis it is recorded that God made the universe in six days and pronounced it good; but that the Devil ruined everything in a few minutes. Which was the most powerful?

DR. H. A. BENTON will give another series of Lectures at Congress Hall, Bush street, on Thursday, 28th instant, and March 1st, at 7½ P. M. Psychology and Mesmerism, (or Animal Magnetism, Mental Electricity,) examined and explained, showing the magnetic or electric currents to be the best curative agency. Each lecture will be illustrated by very amusing and astonishing experiments upon willing and susceptible subjects in the audience. Great sport may be expected. Tickets for gentlemen, 25 cents; ladies and children free. Dr. Benton's office for treatment is over Congress Hall, Bush street.

If the friends will make the necessary arrangements, we will speak in Petaluma on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 4th and 5th of March; at Santa Rosa, on the evenings of the 6th and 7th; at Healdsburg, on the 11th and 12th; and at Windsor, on the 13th and 14th.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

In the year 1857, at a circle at the house of Mr. Mowry, corner of Broadway and Powell streets, San Francisco, a table was suddenly moved out of the circle, and carried, with great force, toward two persons who were sitting apart as spectators, crowding upon them, and forcing them to rise and leave the room. This was repeated upon two others who afterwards took seats as spectators, with greater force than before. These latter individuals took hold of the table, and stoutly resisted, splitting and breaking off the leaf in the contest. On another occasion, at the same place, the table was crowded upon an individual who was obnoxious to the controlling spirit, until, after being chased about the room for some time, he was glad to make his exit from the house. At another time, a most beautiful representation was made by sounds on the center board of the table, from one end to the other, perfectly imitating the creaking, straining, knocking, and thumping heard on board of a ship in a heavy sea, and even the exact sound of a signal-gun of distress was made "amidships," or in the center of the table. This manifestation again took place in another circle, where none of the individuals composing the first were present, excepting myself, at the house of Russell Ellis, on Sansome street.

While this representation was being made on the first occasion, a medium not in the circle was entranced, and appeared to be endeavoring to save individuals from a wreck, calling out to them to swim for their lives, and exhibiting all the anxiety usual to such an occurrence.

In 1859, at the house of Mrs. Smith, corner of Pine and Dupont streets loud raps were commenced and continued for some time; the table, chairs, and even the floor of the room were then shaken for some minutes, the sensation resembling very much those experienced on a steamboat or railroad car. Mental questions were instantly answered by moving the table forward and backward, as desired; and sentiments expressed in conversation were responded to in the same manner. The lady's mediumship was somewhat remarkable. She frequently found all the doors of her house, which she had securely locked at night, open in the morning; and even at times saw and heard them unlocked and opened, and sometimes closed again, with considerable noise, while she would look on calmly and witness these remarkable occurrences without fear.

At the house of Russell Ellis, a party of four sat around a small table for a short time, when it began and continued to rock from one side to the other as rapidly as the little clicking button upon a telegraph battery moves while a communication is being transmitted over the wires. In a little while, one of the circle, a stranger, and unused to witnessing manifestations of any kind, was found to be in the trance state. After remaining in this condition for some time, another medium in the circle was made to travel rapidly around his chair for about five minutes, when he awoke, exclaiming that he had had a beautiful vision.

At a circle held in a room at the International Hotel, Jackson street, in 1856, a large table rapidly counted off, by tipping for each one, the number of persons in the room, even including one who came in just as the last but himself was reached in the process. The request for this manifestation was suddenly made, without forethought, and without any previous knowledge of the real number of persons present, which was twenty-one. We have repeatedly seen a similar performance, in counting the ages of parties, both living and deceased.

One evening at the residence of John F. Taylor, at Rincon Point, two persons sat at a small dressing-table; when, in a few moments, it began to rock slowly backward and forward, and continued to do so for some minutes; a violin was then brought in by one of the members of the family, who struck up the "Arkansas Traveler," which, every one knows, is a very rapidly executed performance. The table was immediately put in motion in exact time with the tune, and danced as long as the music was continued; the only contact of the two persons with the table during the performance was by lightly touching it with the extreme ends of the fingers.

At the house of Mons. Girard, formerly on Montgomery street, the family had been instructed by their spirit friends not to admit a large and indiscriminate concourse of strangers to their sittings. This injunction having been disregarded, the remedy was applied in a very instructive manner. The spirits stated through the dial that they should withhold special communications from the family for the space of one month; and although responses were obtained by the motion of the table during that time, no conversation was maintained, and the punishment was inflicted to the letter. It is needless to add that the deprivation was keenly felt by the family, who had been in constant communication with their spirit friends for two years.

The extraordinary manifestations at the house of Col. Manrow, on Russian Hill, during five years, were the theme of many conversations among all who were made acquainted with the facts. Some of them have been published; but they are of sufficient interest to entitle them to a repetition for the benefit of those who have never heard of them. This gentleman had a colored servant, who was an extraordinary medium for physical demonstrations. One evening, this servant was taken up bodily, and placed on his head on the table, where he was held at an angle of forty-five degrees for some moments, in spite of his constant struggles to regain his natural position. On another occasion, the large dining-table was moved out of the house into the garden, the circle following it until it stopped, when it was raised up at one end, and could not be pressed down by the united efforts of six persons. At the same time, the servant was directed to raise the end which remained on the ground, but found it impossible to do so. All manner of pranks were practiced with this servant by unseen hands, and with the furniture and fixtures of the Colonel's residence. We shall endeavor to give a more extended account of some of these visitations in our next number.

Our discussion of the Sunday question will be resumed in the next number.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

NUMBER SIX.

From time to time I visit the old fellow, And I take care to keep on good terms with him. Civil enough is this same old fellow, To talk so freely with the Devil himself. — Shelley.

The name of his Satanic Excellency is seldom mentioned in these days unaccompanied with a smile of incredulity; he is not now talked of with abated breath, and fear of his personal visitations. Did Luther live now, and keep up his habit of throwing bottles of ink at the Devil's head, he would certainly have been put in a lunatic asylum; and an *Alta* or a *Booth* would have rejoiced over another victim to the delusions of Spiritualism. Yet, in theology, the Devil plays no unimportant part, and is as much interested in man, apparently, as God himself is—nay, more! for he is represented in the Scriptures as continually frustrating the designs of God.

By common consent the serpent of the Garden of Eden is acknowledged to be the Devil. Assuming this *incognito*, he moves into the garden, on either his head or tail, the Bible does not say which, and, finding Eve, commences to reason with her. Now, unsophisticated Eve had been told that reason was a dangerous thing, quite opposed to the reception or understanding of the things of God; therefore she listened to reason, and saw that the forbidden tree was good for fruit, and one so desired to make one wise; and being of an investigating turn of mind, she tried the quality of the fruit, let her husband into the secret, freed him from that state where "ignorance is bliss," and put him and herself in possession of that wisdom which reasons and reflects, which unto God is foolishness.

Since that time man has been the shuttlecock between the battledores of God and the Devil, the latter having the best of the game; and if the common proverb, *Vox populi, vox dei*, be a truth, the world, by word and deed, has decided long ago in favor of the Devil, and God has consented to it.

God's ministers on earth—the clergy—are continually on the watch-towers of Zion, looking out for Satan and his machinations; every movement which endangers the existence of their respective creeds is credited to him, whom they denounce in no measured terms, thus placing themselves in the category of those "filthy dreamers who defile the flesh, despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities." Yet, Michael, the archangel, when contending with the Devil—he disputed about the body of Moses—durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, "The Lord rebuke thee. But these speak evil of those things which they know not." (Jude 8, 9, 10.) They forget, too, that his Satanic majesty has always had the *entree* of the courts of heaven, (Job 1.) and been always on the most intimate terms with the Almighty, though their policies have been opposed to each other. When I hear a religionist ascribing any strange phenomena to the Devil, it reminds me of a poem called "Doctor Devil," written by Hugh Ker, an obscure Argyshire poet, in which it is related that a cripple, stiff, and lame, to the Holy Virgin came to be cured, which she did.

"But, faith, a certain re'd read chiel Has giv'n the honour to the Divil, Though muckle reason fort' a' that, He never g'ed."

Nor are they likely to give any; it is no wonder our poet thought him a wonderful Doctor, more worthy of his patronage than those whose nauseous drugs had turned his stomach completely against them! When a system, in which the highest morals are inculcated, every wrong thing denounced most emphatically, is promulgated, and I hear its origin charged to the Devil, I am inclined to think that he must have been attending a revival meeting and got converted, in diametrical opposition to the best interests of his kingdom (Luke 11, 18), or has taken Burns' advice—

"But fare ye weel, and a Nickie-ben! O, wad ye tak a thought and mear! Ye shuld aught—I trowna ken— Still be a sinner!"

I'm wae to think up' ye den, O ye yae sinner!

But I beg pardon, most noble Satan, for even blinding that thou needest conversion; I had almost forgotten that to thee we are indebted for all that makes life desirable. What discovery in science, progress in ideas, or reform in society, has there been in history, which thou, O Satan! hast not been credited with? Reformers! progressions of the nineteenth century! take a rapid glance over the persecuted scientific heresies of the past sixteen centuries, and say whether the Devil-begotten heresies of the past are not the truths of to-day. The antipodes of the earth; its globular shape; its revolutions, were all dangerous doctrines of the Devil. The printing press was his special invention; and every labor-saving machine is the result of his genius. I have read somewhere, that the man who brought the first threshing-machine into Scotland came near being hanged at the gallows as an emissary of Satan! for had not the inspired Isaiah declared the fall to be the invention of Jehovah, and who but the Devil could dare improve on it? And we have, also, good Scripture authority, that Franklin must have been in league with the Devil when he made his electric discoveries; the book of Revelations tells us that one of the powers of the latter-day deceiver was to be, "that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men."

Limited space forbids the enumeration of even a tithe of the good this great lover of reason, knowledge, and freedom—Satan—has done for humanity, in astronomy, geology, phrenology, Mesmerism, and last, but not least, Spiritualism. I am obliged to confess myself guilty of admiring the principles of him who, according to Milton, said, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." The clergy have done their best, unwittingly, to enoble the character of their enemy; and can they wonder if mankind worship the ennobled idea? They bring forward no very convincing proofs of his existence, excepting such manifestations as appear to place their craft in danger. Long may such manifestations continue! Many of us find in them the outcroppings of another life; proofs that those we love, whose bodies are in the grave, still enjoy and reciprocate our love in a higher state of existence; proofs that neither church, priest, nor Bible, is necessary to insure our happiness there. Kit North will please dismiss the Devil; on some future occasion we may again require his services:

"Full, patriot spirit! thy labors be blest! For all great reformers, thyself wert the first; Thou wert the first with dream and strong, To perceive that all rights divine were wrong; And long hast thou spent thy life in a vain breath, In heaven above, and on earth beneath. And roared it from thy burning throne, The glory of independence, Preaching to all with fever and irony, That kingly dominion's all hang and tyranny; And whose listless way be free For freedom, full freedom's the word with thee! That life has its pleasures—the rest is a sham! And all that comes after a flim and a bam. Speed thee, speed thee! Liberty lead thee! Many this night shall hearken and heed thee; He abroad, Dream gone, Who shall defend thee? King of the elements! low shall we name thee?"

J. W. MACKIE.

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE FERENCE?

NUMBER SEVEN.

It is a difficult task, and wholly distasteful to the Christian devotee, to admit for a moment that blood-thirsty cruelty, and deep-dyed criminality, ever formed a part in the practical workings of their creed-bound system of semi-Jewish faith. But, like all other things in nature, this was simply the inevitable result of an antecedent cause, and proves conclusively the close relation that has ever existed between the Hebrew and Christian ideas, run out in their daily practices and public sentiments. There is no occasion to go further than to the Bible itself, for proof that the God of Moses was most cruel and vindictive, blood-thirsty and revengeful; and as the streams which flow from a fountain cannot be more pure than the fountain itself, so all the streams emanating from the God of the Israelites partook of the exact element from whence they started. Though Jesus was born a Jew, and circumcised by a high priest, having brothers and sisters of that faith, where all he obtained of education and surroundings were Jewish, and devotional after their manner; it is yet clearly evident that in his manhood and freedom, he designed cutting loose entirely from all traditions, ceremonies, and observances, and striking out a new and more genial path, where he might find a nearer relation of God-hood with manhood—a closer communion of man's spirit with the Deific principle. But being found guilty by the intolerant bigotry of old Judaism of being a common disturber of their peace, and a pestilent fellow, he was made to expiate these heinous offenses, by a cruel and bloody death. But his martyrdom failed to plant the seeds of his faith in good ground; for after a few years the saying, "See how these Christians love one another!" was heard of no more; and all the long catalogue of sins which St. Paul enumerates was woven into the system, and largely productive of the most bitter and unrelenting persecutions witnessed among the human family. Xenophon tells us, in his "Biography of Socrates," that the persons who took the most active part in the condemnation of Socrates before the tribunal were, after the death of that great man, shunned and scorned, and ill-treated in every possible manner, to such a degree that life became burdensome, and they committed suicide: there we have the picture of martyrdom under a system of so-called-heathen or Pagan worship; but how different from that of Jesus! The same element that crucified the latter was manifested in John Calvin, which made it his duty to roast Dr. Servetus for heresy. Cotton Mather possessed much of the same spirit, and he put the so-called witches to death for God's sake and the welfare of the commonwealth. William Penn, George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin's God needed no such human sacrifices to appease his wrath. All nations have exhibited, at times, an intensity of religious feeling, an all-pervading impulse of devotional sentiment, which is ever productive of a more stern and rigid adherence to the national faith; and when the true conservative element rides high on the waves of theology, then persecutions and intolerance run riot through the ranks of the unfortunate unbelievers. But no people has been made to suffer in the same degree as have the heretical portion in the so-called Christian nations. The world weeps to-day over the sad and mournful scenes that have transpired under the name of God's holy religion as manifested through miracles, prophecies, and apostles. Although we witness at this day much of the old firmness of religious belief, yet its adherents are becoming somewhat less positive in their demands—more yielding to the claims of other sects and dogmas; yet if a new sect springs up, they seem as ready to let fly their barbed arrows of anathema and vituperation as in the former ages of ignorance and priest-craft. This is true of the advent of Spiritualism; and the more especially, as it contains the strength and vigor to grapple with all the old teachings and dogmas of by-gone ages, and analyze and scrutinize closely their every claim to truth, with candor and judgment equal to their importance as presented for credence to the human mind. No sect of religionists has yet appeared that is the identical faith given forth by Him whom they term their Savior, but from whose teachings they have so far departed, that they know Him not, nor recognize the work He shadowed forth while laboring with men in the earth-life. This investigation and bold innovation must go on in spite of anathemas and bulls thundered from pulpits and priestly altars, and canonical robes, and mitered heads in Europe or America. The upheaval of religious ideas and devotional thought far exceeds all former periods of the world's history, and augurs well for the firm establishment of a more purely truthful basis in the recognition of natural laws for the government of mankind, instead of the super-natural and mythical as heretofore practiced upon the credulity of the people. The manifestations of facts in the teachings of Spiritualism are so full, clear, and wide-spread at the present day, that a denial of them affords the best evidence of the most intense ignorance of the matter, or stubborn, dogged dishonesty, which is no better. All intelligent Spiritualists know full well that the Bible contains many incontrovertible arguments in favor of the spirit-intercourse, and must yet be more extensively used in the promulgation of the cause, as it becomes better understood through wiser interpretation. It is a curious fact in the history of the Bible, that it has never as yet been permitted to stand exclusively upon its own inherent merits, but has been the subject of immense explanation through many, very many, commentators and venerable expounders, among whom Milton was not the least in the list. It is barely possible that scholarly students may yet present the Hebrew-Christian world with a reading of the Bible that shall present us with some grand and exalted beauties and living truths, which our dull philosophy has scarcely dreamed of, or our imaginations conceived of as belonging to that book. Could we learn from the Bible, by and through a free and complete translation, that all the ancient systems of religion, together with those now extant, had grown out of a grand and magnificent system of symbol worship, very ancient, dating very far back in the remote of time, and as a result of let us suppose, the information would certainly be no less valuable to us, or less truthful for emanating from that source. We have reason to believe that much that might have been highly instructive to the world at large was destroyed by the Saracens when they burnt the famous Alexandrian library, "which is said to have contained more reading matter than all the literature of the world now extant; the great bulk consisting of manuscripts not of the symbolical order." Picture or symbolical writing must in the nature of things antedate alphabetical writing by many centuries, and carries us back beyond the conflagration of cities, and the ruin of empires, because of its being indestructible in its nature, while parchment rolls and bound volumes would perish, as have a vast number of so-called sacred books.

J. D. PIERSON.

My Creed.

BY ALICE CARRY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds Where charity is seen; that when We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety, A selfish scheme; a vain pretense; Where center is not—can there be Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare Not flinch where'er my rhyme may go, Whatever things be sweet or fair, Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies That charm to rest the nursing bird, Or that sweet confidence of sighs And blushes, made without a word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush Of softly sumptuous garden bowers, Or that dim door, or bush Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery, Nor staid fast, nor stated prayers, That make us men, we judge the tree By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart From works, onologic trust, I know the blood about his heart Is dry as dust.

Behind the Times.

The religious sentiment is one of the most powerful elements in human nature. So far as we can rely upon the lessons to be gathered from the teachings of history and psychology, it is absolutely ineradicable. In our boyish days, the Juvenile Debating Society, of which we were a member, once discussed, with a vast display of school-boy logic and rhetoric, the question whether "superstition or skepticism is the greater evil." The result of the discussion may be decided, it is certain that too much belief is more natural and congenial to the human mind than too little. Man is emphatically "a religious animal," and his mind is so constituted that he is prone to believe in the supernatural. Superstition and priestcraft are to be deprecated and opposed. In some of their aspects they are hideous and revolting. Yet it is probable that the worst systems of superstition and priestcraft, that have ever gained a dominating power in the world, are not as fruitful in evil results as utter skepticism. But we live in an age too critical, too inquiring, and too cynical to tolerate gross superstitions. The true friends of religion will, if they are intelligent, realize the fact that the time has come when the cant and stereotyped unmeaning phrases of piety have lost their power. It will not do at the present day to talk about accidental deaths by drowning or the bursting of fowling pieces occurring on Sunday as direct judgments of God against "Sabbath-breakers." The world is too advanced to ignore the law of causation, or to be persuaded that if a man falls from the top of a house and breaks his neck, or a ship founders in the storm, the Almighty has specially interposed to punish an irreligious reprobate. On Sunday, one of the reverend clergymen, occupying the pulpit of Calvary Church, in behalf of the California Sabbath Commission, related to his hearers how a young man in one of our interior towns, who, with some companions, went to a quartz vein on Sunday, was killed by the fall of the tub in which he was making his descent. The minister, after attending the funeral, said to one of the companions of the deceased, "George, did you give your no warranty when you violate his command concerning the Sabbath day, to keep it holy, that he will not visit you with condign punishment?" Now, to an inquiring mind, the question naturally suggests itself: Does Divine Providence give any warranty that He will prevent the descent of a rickety tub on the heads of a party of young men, or even young women, be they sinful or pious, be it Sabbath or week-day? Why were not all the young men in the mine killed by the descending tub? Were not all equally guilty? The day for arguments like these has passed. Our brethren of the pulpit must entertain more liberal views, or they will soon be taught by their own parishioners.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

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CIRCULAR OF THE State Central Committee, APPOINTED BY THE California State Convention of Spiritualists, HELD AT SAN JOSE, MAY 25, 26, & 27, 1866.

SIR:—Your name is presented to us as one interested in the advancement of Humanity. As such, you are addressed by the State Central Committee, appointed by the late Convention at San Jose, soliciting your active co-operation.

We, as Rational Spiritualists, interpret the writing upon the wall as significant of the transition period through which we are passing, and that the hour has come for a clear expression of our honest and truthful convictions before the world, and wish to make ourselves more efficient in the great work before us, of building up the Kingdom of Righteousness in the human heart. The evidences are incontrovertible that old religious opinions and ideas are passing away, and that new and higher revelations speak to us in language more potent, more significant, than the world has before heard, by reason of its coming from realms where clearer views and holier truths are attainable. Therefore we should not forget the great facts already developed in the brief history of our beautiful faith, that upon us, as Spiritualists, devolves the labor of shaping the future sentiment of the body politic, and will rest the glory or the shame of the near future of the race. To us is presented the golden opportunity of supplanting error with truth, darkness with light, and superstition with reason and natural law. For this purpose, some systematic effort and concert of action are necessary. In our present isolation from each other, we are but marks at which theological fire is directed with impunity, and even malignity. We would therefore invite to our ranks all who have true respect for the freedom of the human race, all who yield obedience to Reason, and are devoted to Truth for its own sake, and believe in Universal Progress.

Within a year, another Convention will be held. It is desirable that you should participate in it. Open a correspondence with the Secretary, and suggest time and place. Give the names of prominent Spiritualists and liberal persons in your vicinity, and state what are the opportunities and encourage efforts for meetings, if good speakers are desired, and what remuneration will be given them; also, how many copies of the BANNER OF PROGRESS will be subscribed for, and what spiritual or liberal books are called for and can be sold in your neighborhood; and, further, whether a Children's Progressive Lyceum can be organized in your town, and how many children can be induced to join the same.

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The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

Forecastings.

Darling little three years old
Went to bed the other night,
Down upon her little pillow
Laid her head so golden bright,
Resting thoughtfully for a moment,
Raised her eager eye to me:
"When I grow to be a woman,
Mamma, whose mother shall I be?"

IN THE OMNIBUS.

A SKETCH.

A mighty woman with a bundle, a cross woman with a baby, an uncomfortable woman with a dog, an old gentleman with an ear-trumpet, a beaming young lady with an expansive crinoline, and the usual complement of nothing-particular-people, including mine-self, John Hays, gentleman at large. I would have been inside if I could have helped it; nor in an omnibus at all if I could have helped it; and, judging from the surrounding facts, we were all in the same plight. We were all hot, and all hated one another. When a fellow-creature is visibly radiating the color of one already has in excess, hatred for him, or even her, follows in logical sequence, and we were waiting for more passengers. "Please help me in—I'm blind!" It was the tiniest sweet voice; we all turned to see a little girl lay her hand confidently on the conductor's arm. I took her from him as fearfully as if she had been in truth what she looked like—my Parian Clytie; the pure, sweet face, with the delicate features and drooping white eyelids; but the sadness of her pallor was relieved by the vivid dark gold of her hair, which fell in soft thick locks upon her neck.

"Isn't there a dog here?" said she presently.

"Yes, darling," said the dog's owner, as he handed it to the child, looking uncomfortable no longer; the blind face turned to hers seemed to charm away its nervousness.

"What a dear little fellow," said Clytie, and the rough terrier grew popular.

"Do they let you go far alone?" said the cross woman.

"O, yes," The little creature gave a low, glad laugh of triumph. "I've been to the blind school; I can do everything for myself now."

"Would you mind saying that again, my dear? I'm very deaf," said the old gentleman. She repeated her sentence, adding, with an old, womanish pith, "It must be so sad to be deaf."

I said, involuntarily, "You don't look as though you were ever sad."

"I? O, no, I never am, now Emy is well."

"Who is Emy?"

"Why, my little sister! O, such a little darling! but she was ill for a long time—so long!"

Clytie's voice faltered, as though she were living over again a great sorrow.

"But she is well now?" I said.

"O, yes, quite strong; and it's so nice!"

"Have you many sisters and brothers?" asked the young lady.

"No, only Emy, and one brother, baby Tom; he's such a great, fat fellow, and he laughs—you can't think how he laughs!"

"If it was anything like the musical rill his sister sent tripping through the air, I should like to have heard that baby laugh."

"What does he laugh at?" said the cross woman.

"O, everything; at Emy and me, when we play Punch and Judy; and at dinner, when there's darning; and sometimes he lies on the floor and laughs at himself; and we laugh, too, it's so funny!" The little one's mirth was infectious; we all joined in, with various modulations of the roar of the deaf gentleman, who couldn't stop himself; and setting us off again, little Clytie clapped her soft gloved hands till she made the dog bark, and the conductor looked to say, "Well, I never saw such a row!"

"Easton road, please," said Clytie, turning into a business woman all at once.

The unwelcome place seemed to come directly; as I turned from helping the child out, I saw the cross woman's face breaking up into tears.

"It's queer," she said, "but I feel like to cry to see her so merry."

I was unpleasantly conscious of what my dear mother used to call the apple in my throat, so I was grateful to the deaf gentleman for saying, "Eh!" and saving the effort of replying. We all fell into quietness, but it was curious to notice how forbearing we grew to one another; the child's great loss, worn like a flower crown on the head of some pictured saint, made our petty discomforts all melt away.

The young lady began to play with the baby, the old gentleman with the dog, and I, who object to all gratuities, on the principle of never having any money to spare, was absolutely pleased when the mighty woman handed back her change to her vanquished foe, saying:

"Never mind the penny, conductor."

Even the cross woman grew quite interesting over a reminiscence of a youth she had known when she was a girl, who had recovered his sight after being blind for a year.

I think, if instead of being a plucked civil service candidate, I could be a woman with a mission, I would choose that of my unconscious little Clytie.

Word Puzzle.

My first is in hot, but not in cold,
My second's in chaff, but not in gold,
My third is in sea, but not in land,
My fourth is in ice, but not in hand,
My fifth is in hail, but not in rain,
My sixth is in hair, but not in mane,
My seventh is in light, but not in dark,
My eighth is in shad but not in shark,
My ninth is in farm, but not in house,
My tenth's in inn, but not in mouse,
My eleventh's in pen, but not in paper,
My twelfth's in spee, but not in caper,
My thirteenth's in noise, but not in sin,
My fourteenth's in voice, but not in chin,
My fifteenth's in pine, but not in spruce,
My sixteenth's in coat, but not in use,
My seventeenth's in sweet, but not in sour,
My whole may prove a lasting power.

Answer next week.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy in the Lyceum gravely inquired if kittens were angels when they died. And if they were, were their wings made of paper, and would pin them on.

LITTLE LIZZIE wondered why Ma could buy such a beautiful silk ribbon with such a worn and dirty twenty-five cent piece.

A LITTLE girl in school, being asked what a cat-ract or a waterfall was, replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what.

From the Children's Voice.

Australia.

Although an Australian by birth, my knowledge of the poor degraded natives is limited. In the large cities you rarely meet with them, for they have faded away before the face of the white man. They have no desire to work, and ridicule the whites for doing so. The man, as is too common all over the world, rules the weaker creature called woman. She carries the burdens and does all the drudgery. When the man has eaten all he wants, he throws the remainder to her; if she leaves any, the children and dogs eat it.

Australia is scantily supplied with game and fruits. Fish is not abundant. The people are not particular what they eat. Worms and the like abound in their natural state, are good food for them. They cover themselves with the skins of the opossum, or a blanket. Young children are carried on the mother's back. Thin skin is their only covering. A woman was asked what she had done with her baby. She signified that it was too heavy, and she had killed it to avoid carrying the burden. They are cruel and treacherous. Polygamy is one of their practices.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Perhaps the following may be suitable for young persons of a mathematical turn of mind:

In Numbers 11: 31, it is stated that a quantity of quail fell around the camp of Israel a day's journey on either side, and two cubits deep. Given, then, a day's journey = 30 miles; a cubit = 21 inches, and the diameter of the camp 6 miles, the radius of which must be added to the day's journey—making the radius of the circle 33 miles, with 6 miles' diameter of waste in the center. Supposing a wall was built around the world of the cubic contents of the above, 12 feet thick at the base and 2 feet at the top, what would be the height of the wall, giving the circumference of the globe as 24,000 miles?

EXCELSIOR.

BORN.

In this city, Feb. 19th, to the wife of Marcus Levi, a son.

In Sacramento, Feb. 18th, to the wife of Wm. Morrill, a daughter.

In Ukiah, Feb. 10th, to the wife of Philip Howell, a son.

In Long Valley, Jan. 11, to the wife of R. H. Poe, a daughter.

In Lewiston, Feb. 21, to the wife of L. E. Shaw, a daughter.

At Woodland, Feb. 16th, to the wife of J. S. Wyckoff, a daughter.

Two Rock Valley, Feb. 12th, to the wife of E. Denman, a daughter.

In Graysford Neck, Jan. 30th, to the wife of J. Kutzner, a son.

In Camptonville, Feb. 5th, to the wife of Charles Grey, a daughter.

In North San Juan, Feb. 5th, to the wife of Dr. G. B. Farley, a daughter.

In Mariposa county, Feb. 11th, to the wife of Lewis Weston, a son.

In Dayton, Nev., Feb. 16th, to the wife of C. L. Sherman, a daughter.

MARRIED.

"O married love!—each heart shall own,
Two golden chains laid down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

In this city, Feb. 17th, Philip Smith to Margaret Foley, both of this city.

In Grass Valley, Feb. 12th, Chas. Haggerty to Annie Rock.

In Oakland, Feb. 17th, Jas. Russell to Minnie Smith.

In Little Lake, Feb. 14th, Mr. G. W. G. to Miss L. E. Shaw.

In Salem, Or., Jan. 26th, E. M. Waite to Louise Breymen.

In Portland, Jan. 24th, John Tanner to Harriet G. Woodcock.

In Powhatan, Feb. 14th, N. E. Flood to Charles F. Stephens.

In Princeton, Feb. 12th, John G. Fritz to Frederica Warner.

DEPARTED.

"Death is not dreadful; to a mind resolved,
It seems as natural as to be born!"

"Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

In this city, Feb. 20th, at the Orphan Asylum, Market street, Rev. Maurice McGrath.

In Sacramento, Feb. 18th, Mrs. Vatura A. Radcliff, aged 18 years.

In Oakland, Feb. 18th, Hurbert Barrett, aged 11 years and 5 months.

In Oakland, Feb. 18th, Yermoth Devire, aged 30 years.

In Oakland, Feb. 17th, Mrs. Margaret Miller, aged 54 years.

In Dayton, N. B., Feb. 14th, N. E. Flood to Charles F. Stephens.

Near Oroville, Feb. 11th, Howard Burt, aged 34 years.

In Oroville, Feb. 12th, L. B. Under, aged 43 years.

In Sonoma, Feb. 9th, Charles D. McPherson aged 37 years.

DR. H. A. BENTON SAYS:

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER AND SPLEEN DIFFICULTIES, and other derangements of the system, must yield to the life-giving energetic effects of Electro-Magnetic applications, when properly administered; and, in some cases, facilitated very much by the Hot Air and Electro Medicated Vapor Baths—all of which are now ready in my new rooms, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Bure House. N. B.—Terms reasonable, but "COLD" is expected at each treatment, in advance, unless the treatment is gratuitous, to those who are unable to pay. All such who are deserving, will be attended, agreeable to appointment.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 29, 1866, until further notice, the trains of the Central Pacific Railroad will run as follows:

Passenger trains will leave Sacramento at 6:30 a. m., and arrive at Cisco at 12 m.; also at 2 p. m., arriving at Cisco at 7:30 p. m.

Passenger train leaves Cisco at 12:30 p. m.; also at 1 p. m., arriving at Sacramento at 6:30 p. m.

The morning passenger trains connect at Auburn with stages for Yankee Juncos, Forest Hill, Michigan Bluffs and Georgetown; and at Colusa with stages for Graceland, Nevada and San Juan; and at Cisco with stages for Summit City, Austin, Virginia City, and all points in the State of Nevada.

The 6:30 a. m. train connects at the Junction with the cars of the California Central Railroad for Lincoln and Marysville, and all points north.

All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

C. C. CROCKER, Superintendent, C. P. R. R. G. F. HARTWELL, Assistant Superintendent.

SAN PABLO AND SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

Through to San Rafael and Point Isabel.

FROM VALLEJO AND DAVIS STREETS.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER

CONTRA COSTA.

CAPTAIN.....JOHN T. MCKENZIE.

Will leave as follows:

SAN QUENTIN.....POINT ISABEL.....SAN FRANCISCO.

8 A. M. 9 A. M. 2 1/2 P. M.

Connecting with Stages for San Rafael, Orinda, Tomales, and Bolinas; in Marin county; and also with San Pablo.

For further particulars, apply to the Captain on board, or to CHARLES MINTURN, Agent.

DAILY COAST LINE.

San Juan & Los Angeles U. S. M. Stages.

Daily Winter Arrangements for 1866 & 1867.

PASSENGERS FOR SAN JUAN, PASO ROBLES Hot Springs, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, leave San Francisco by the Morning Train of the San Joaquin, daily, and will take the Coaches of the Company on the arrival of the train at the Depot in San Joaquin.

Passengers can lie over at any point of the route, and resume their seats within six days. Through tickets to Los Angeles, to any place on the route, can be procured at the San Joaquin Depot in San Francisco. Further information and tickets, can be obtained at the Company's Office, 333 Bush street, opposite the Dock Hotel.

W. E. LUTVET & CO., Proprietors.

W. G. ROBERTS, Agent.

W. K. BUCKLEY, General Superintendent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

THROUGH LINE TO NEW YORK,

CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL!

LEAVES FOLSOM STREET WHARF AT 11 o'clock a. m. of the following dates for PANAMA, Colon, and San Francisco, with one of the Company's splendid Steamers from ASIN WALL, for NEW YORK:

On the 10th, 18th and 26th of each month that has 30 days, on the 10th, 18th and 26th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 18th and 26th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departures of 18th connect with French Transatlantic Company's Steamers for St. Nazaire and English Steamers for South America.

Departure of the 10th connects with English Steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. Co's Steamers for Central America.

The following Steamships will be dispatched on dates as given below:

Passengers berth through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed to each adult.

An experienced Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free at the option of the passenger.

These Steamers will positively sail at 11 o'clock. Passengers requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets for Liverpool by the Cunard, Inman and National Steamships can be obtained at other of the P. M. S. Co., San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight, apply to Messrs. WELLS, FARGO & COMPANY, 105 California street.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

The splendid Steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on MONDAY, April 1st, at 11 o'clock, via KANAGAWA, carrying passengers, mail, and freight.

The Steamship HERMANN, Capt. Nolan, will be dispatched on MONDAY, April 1st, at 11 o'clock, via KANAGAWA.

For Passage and all other information, apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Co's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

FARE AND FREIGHT REDUCED!

FOR ALVISO, SANTA, CLARA, AND SAN JOSE.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT STEAMER CORA.

T. C. WALKER, Master.

Will leave Pacific Street Wharf, at 9 o'clock, a. m.

Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9:30 o'clock, a. m.

CONNECTING WITH A SPLENDID LINE OF COACHES FOR SANTA CLARA AND SAN JOSE.

Fare to Alviso.....\$1.00

Fare to Santa Clara and San Jose.....1.50

Freight to Alviso.....1.00

Freight to Santa Clara and San Jose.....1.50

This route is unequalled for comfort, and the traveling public have heartily endorsed its opening by the owners of the CORA. This staunch and exceedingly swift running boat is excellently fitted up as a Day Boat expressly for this route, with a large, airy and luxurious saloon. Passengers will be landed and taken on board at their hotel or residence, and in San Francisco within half of street cars running to every part of the city.

To those who are tired of the cramped seat, smoke and stifling atmosphere of rail cars, and who prefer the health-giving breezes and beautiful scenery of the Bay Route, we offer all the accommodations required by business men, with the pleasures sought by excursionists, and no expense will be spared by the owners or exertion made by the officers and crew of the CORA to insure the comfort and good-will of our patrons.

RETURNING:

Stages leave SAN JOSE at 8:30 o'clock a. m., every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SUNDAY, with boat at Alviso; by which arrangement passengers will arrive at San Francisco in time for the business of the day.

Dr. D. A. GALLON, Lecturer, upon spirit control, upon diseases and their causes. Address Dr. J. Gallon, Healing Institute, Kookuk, Iowa.

Arrangements will be perfected in a few days for carrying freight through to San Jose.

ALAMEDA FERRY.

FROM PACIFIC STREET WHARF, Connecting with the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad.

THROUGH TO HAYWARD BY BOAT AND CARS.

Only Twelve Miles from Warm Springs.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THE HOUR of departure, except on Sundays, will be as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO.....ALAMEDA.....SAN LEANDRO.....HAYWARD'S.

9:00 A. M. 7:00 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 8:30 A. M.

11:30 11:40 11:50 12:00

2:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M.

4:30 4:40 4:50 5:00

The 6 p. m. trip from San Francisco on Saturday evenings will be omitted.

SUNDAY TIME.

SAN FRANCISCO.....ALAMEDA.....SAN LEANDRO.....HAYWARD'S.

9:00 A. M. 9:10 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 8:30 A. M.

11:30 11:40 11:50 12:00

2:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M.

4:30 4:40 4:50 5:00

Extra trip Saturday Night.

Leaving San Francisco at 6:00, Oakland at 6:10, and San Francisco at 6:20.

A line of Freight Boats for Oakland and San Francisco will leave Ferry Wharf, near foot of Market street, daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO.....OAKLAND.....SAN FRANCISCO.

7:00 A. M. 7:00 A. M. 9:30 A. M.

1:00 P. M. 1:30 P. M. 3:30 P. M.

An EXTRA BOAT to let for Excursions.

ALFRED A. COHEN, General Superintendent.

STEAMER PETALUMA.

FOR PETALUMA AND SONOMA, (VIA LAKEVILLE).

THROUGH TO BIG RIVER IN SIXTEEN HOURS!

Shortest and most pleasant route to Geysers Springs! FARE AND FREIGHT REDUCED!

From Vallejo street wharf, at 8 o'clock p. m.

FOR SONOMA (VIA LAKEVILLE) AND PETALUMA, connecting with stages from Bloomfield, Bolinas, Dunsmuir, Winters, Santa Rosa, Windsor, Healdsburg, Geyserville, Skaggs Springs, Geysers Springs, Anderson Valley, Novato, Albion and Big Rivers, Noyo, Fort Bragg, Ukiah and Long Valley.

The well known and favorite Steamer

PETALUMA.

C. M. BAXTER.....Captain

In order to better accommodate traveling public, will run DAILY as above, excepted.

Returning, will leave Petaluma at 8 a. m., and San Francisco at 1:30 p. m., on all hours of the day, and taken at the lowest rate.

CHARLES MINTURN.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

S. F. AND S. J. R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1866, (until further notice,) Trains will run as follows:

Passenger TRAINS leave SAN FRANCISCO from the New Depot, junction of Market and Valencia streets, for San Jose and Way Stations at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Leave San Francisco at 9:20 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.

Leave San Jose at 8:40 A. M. and 3:40 P. M.

Freight TRAINS with Passenger Cars attached leave San Francisco at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Freight received and recoupled for at 1:00 P. M.

Freight received at corner of Ninth and Market sts.

Leave San Jose at 4:00 A. M.

Leave San Francisco at 4:00 A. M.

Excursion TICKETS issued on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and SUNDAYS, good for return until MONDAY MORNING ONLY.